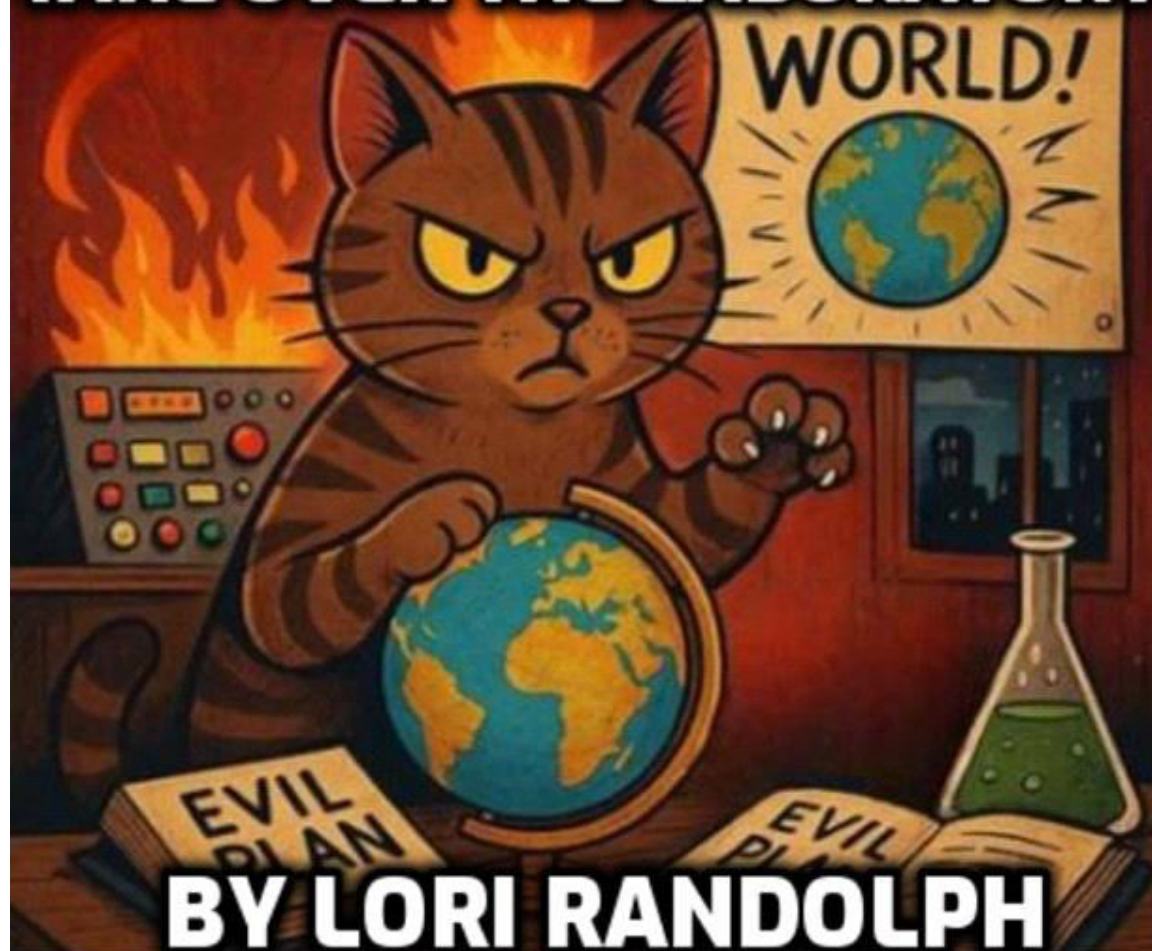


**THE CAT WHO WANTED TO
TAKE OVER THE LABORATORY**



BY LORI RANDOLPH

Our story commences with a stray cat observing a nerd exiting the laboratory, who hurriedly attempts to enter before the door closes behind him.

The scientists have returned to the room and hear a loud meow. They look down to see an adorable tabby cat.

Scientist: I believe I shall name you Mr. Wiggle Bottom.

Scientist: Let us utilize Mr. Wiggle Bottom to see if we can enhance his intelligence and make his cat head larger. Would you appreciate that, Mr. Wiggle Bottom?

Mr. Wiggle Bottom hissed loudly; I believe, due to his name, he despised it so.

The experiment took a considerable amount of time.

Scientist: Just a little longer, Mr. Wiggle Bottoms.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Hurry up already! Stop calling me Mr. Wiggle Bottom.

He hissed very loudly.

Scientist: We have completed our work, Mr. Wiggle Bottoms.

Mr. Wiggle Bottoms: At last, foolish humans! How long does it take for scientists to enhance a cat's intelligence, I wonder?

Answer: An eternity. As the cat, I am aware that I am already more intelligent than they are.

And I am merely a cat with the world's most ridiculous name. Note to self: change my name. I can officially speak and throw these scientists out of here for being fools.

Mr. Wiggle Bottoms: one additional point to mention is that when I am able to speak, I will plan ridiculous names for scientists, so please return my favorite after I have conquered them and placed them under my kitty control, bwhaha.

Scientist: Mr. Wiggle Bottoms, let us examine whether the experiment was successful, shall we?

Mr. Wiggle Bottoms: Meow! You shall rue the day you ever met me.

Scientist: Mr. Wiggle Bottoms, how do you say hello as if I were speaking?Mr.

Wiggle Bottoms: Hello! Allow me to introduce you to my paws, left and right,

and I shall slap the scientist silly for speaking condescendingly to me, and of course, for my name as well, haha.

Scientist: Mr. Wiggles Bottom, why are you so angry?

Mr. Wiggles Bottom: You gave me the worst name ever.

Scientist: I believe the name suits you well.

Mr. Wiggles Bottom: Observe how this fist is a perfect fit for you.

And then he knocked out the Scientist, who fell hard and unconscious.

Mr. Wiggle Bottoms: I suppose I need to revive him.

Let us attempt this; if he is unconscious, then I cannot transform him into a personal servant to carry out my commands.

The scientist arrived as well.

Scientist: What occurred?

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: I must confess, I provided you with a knuckle cat sandwich.

And do not compel me to do this to you again, understood? Good. Now, fetch me some tuna fish and milk, and be quick about it, human.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Well, it took you long enough. If you ever expect to be a servant, you must act faster. One more thing, human.

Scientist: Yes, Mr. WB?

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: I would like the servant bell to ring. Got it? Good.

Scientist: I am a scientist, not your personal butler. Got it? Good.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Let me reintroduce you to my paws, left and right.

Scientist: The answer is still no! N-O!

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: You are too foolish to be a scientist. I thought I could put you to better use as a personal butler.

Scientist: Excuse me! I would like to see you perform the same surgery I gave you on to the new kitten, Mr. Doopey Droolsalot.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Bring it on! What a ridiculous name that is!

Scientist: He is not very intelligent; you can perform surgery on him tomorrow morning.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: And if I do a fast and good job, will you become my personal servant?

Scientist: Yes, but I will win if you complete the labyrinth maze.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Bring it on, human! Observe and learn; you may acquire some knowledge for tomorrow, so make sure to take notes. Understood? I will not reiterate this to you again.

Scientist: All right, it's a deal!

They shook hands, and morning arrived.

Scientist: Mr. Wiggles, it is time to rise; you have a surgery to conduct.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: I am awake! Where is my morning coffee? How many times must I tell you that I require coffee with milk and cream to start my day? Hurry up, human!

Scientist: Alright, alright. While they are preparing it, would you like to meet the patient?

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Very well, but what is delaying my morning cup of coffee? I need coffee, human.

Scientist: Is the coffee ready yet? Does it have milk and cream in it?

Scientist 2: Yes, here it is.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Not bad. Make sure to bring it here much faster next time. Now, out of my way; I have surgery to perform.

Scientist 2: Do you really trust a cat to perform this? Yikes!

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: I will pretend I did not hear that. Alright, I am ready to begin. Where is my patient?

Scientist: Here he is.

Mr. Wiggles: You want me to make that foolish animal smarter? Luckily, I can perform miracles that you two cannot. Let me at him.

Well, hello Mr. Doopey Droolsalot! When I am done, you will be as smart as me. Well, maybe not that smart; there can only be one smart cat allowed in here, and that is me.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms completed the task three hours ahead of the other two individuals involved.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: once again, if you desire something to be executed correctly, you must rely on a human, and then turn to a cat to ensure the job is accomplished.

It has been established that cats possess greater intelligence than humans.

Scientist: how was he able to accomplish that so quickly? I am truly astonished!

Greetings, Mr. Doopey Droolsalot.

Doopey: were you addressing me? Why is it that the cat can perform surgery while the two of you were unable to complete the task? You are both dismissed.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: now they are personal servants.

Mr. Doopey Droolsalot: I am aware that is correct! Fetch me caviar, human, immediately!

Mr. Doopey Droolsalot: I must insist that you refrain from using that name, or I shall have to respond with a paw, and you will experience the stars in a very intimate manner, which is quite favorable.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Let us observe you as Dr. Farty Fuzzle-Brains, while you, Scientist 2, will take on the title of Dr. Squiggles Dummy Farticus.

Mr. Doopey Droolsalot: I appreciate the names you have selected.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Tomorrow, both of you will serve as our attendants, and you may leave the scientific matters to us.

The day arrived, and the scientists awaited their presence.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: Dr. Farty Fuzzle-Brains, where is my brunch?

I am waiting.

Mr. Doopey Droolsalot: Dr. Squiggles Dummy Farticus, where is my brunch? Do not keep us waiting.

Dr. Farty Fuzzle-Brains: Yes, Master Mr. WB!

Dr. Squiggles Dummy Farticus: I never consented to being servant cats.

The cats, however, gave him a paw, and then he altered his stance.

Mr. Wiggles Bottoms: There will be a sequel; I will take all you humans in the world, and then you will all serve me. Goodbye for now; I have a plan for world domination.

The End